

## **Date by DistrictThirteenTribute**

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**Summary:** To commemorate the end of Eleven's year of keeping on the down low, Mike decides to pluck up the courage and ask her out on an official date. But first, he'll have to get through her dad, Chief Jim Hopper.

# 1. Chapter 1

Hi everyone! This is my first Stranger Things story. I'm a little nervous but very excited as well. This fandom is so strong and I'm happy to be joining this part of it. The summary is pretty accurate to what the story is about. I simply combined my two favorite elements of the ending of season two: Mike and Eleven growing closer and Hopper adopting her. Thank you for reading and enjoy!

Fourteen-year-old Mike Wheeler paced in front of the now very familiar cabin, muttering to himself under his breath with an anxious feeling inside of him. He had lost count of how many times he had rehearsed what he was going to say, his reason for coming all the way out here. He glanced over at his bicycle, dropped off at the bottom of the front porch steps and considered getting back on it and going home.

With a deep breath and full of determination, however, he turned in the other direction and knocked on the door, a once complicated one that he had long since memorized.

Hoping his confidence wouldn't quickly fade away, he waited by the door.

As expected, Hawkins police Chief Jim Hopper answered.

"Uhh... hey. Hi Chief."

"Hey kid." He answered as he looked at the teen in front of him. "You know she's not here right?" Seeing as Eleven, the person he was always here to see, was currently out at lunch with Joyce Byers as well as the boy's sister, Nancy, it would be surprising if he wasn't aware of it.

"Yeah, I know." Mike confirmed. "I'm here to talk to you actually."

"Everything okay?" Hopped asked in a wary tone.

"Everyone's fine, yeah. It's uhhh... just a-a personal thing."

Hopper wasn't sure how to respond to that. Surely the kid had someone else to talk to. His own parents maybe. But then again, he thought, he wouldn't come all the way out here if speaking to someone else was an easy option.

The Chief opened the door up wider, allowing Mike to come in.

"So what's this about?" Hopper shut the door behind him and they faced each other.

"It's...well...it's about El." He started.

"Somethin' going on with her?" He sounded concerned but felt slightly hurt. Back when he first sat her down after adopting her and explained what that meant, he told her that she should go to him with whatever she needs, no matter what. So if there was something going on, he wanted to get to the bottom of it.

"No! No. It's umm it's just..."

Hopper raised an eyebrow, wishing Wheeler would just get on with it.

"You know," Mike began as he stood up straight, "It's almost been a year that she's closed the gate." *And that you've kept her here*, he thought but knew better than to say out loud.

"Yeah," the Chief stated, knowing there was more to what Mike was going to say.

"So I was think- wondering, if it would be okay for her to... go out." Hopper's brows furrowed.

As much as he tried to keep her safe, he knew it was crazy to keep her in the cabin 24/7. This is why Mike's request confused him. El had been out plenty of times in the last year on the condition that Hopper can easily check up on her. He had no problem dropping her off at one of the boys' or Max's house as long as it was with adult supervision. And he never felt more comfortable than when she was with Joyce. Not to mention this very moment.

"I haven't exactly been keeping her hostage."

"I meant,... if she and I could...go out...together alone?" Silence followed from both of them. "Sir." Mike quickly added.

Hopper looked away and ran a hand through his face, now understanding what he meant.

"You want to take Eleven out." He spoke, repeating instead of confirming.

"Yes," he gulped. "If it's okay with you." Mike spoke as confidently as he could and refused to take his gaze off the older man. Hopper, on the other hand, looked away again and pursed his lips.

He couldn't deny that he had anticipated this. Only he hoped it would not be so soon.

He's sensed for a while now that there was something more than just friendship growing between El and the Wheeler boy. If it wasn't for all the times she asked if he could come over or always listing him first when she explained who she would be hanging out with, their reactions to reuniting at the Byers' house after a year apart or seeing how happy she was when he picked her up from the Snow Ball gave it away.

As much as he didn't want to admit it, he knew it was only a matter of time, regardless of how young they were, that they would potentially get into the dating stage.

Plus, he internally smiled to himself, she could do worse.

But it still didn't mean that he was completely comfortable letting them go out alone, especially unsupervised.

With a sigh, he turned back to Mike.

"Look, kid-."

"We'll be careful!" He exclaimed, sensing what the Chief was going to say. "I won't let her out of my sight for a second. And... we won't go anywhere dangerous or anything. I-I haven't worked out what we're doing and stuff yet. But as soon as I do, I'll let you know. If you want."

Mike was rambling and he knew it.

For the most part, he had only deviated a bit from what he had planned to say, but still felt like a nervous wreck throughout the entire conversation. It's especially strong now that he's waiting for his answer.

Mike had never been afraid of Hopper before. He never needed to be. But now that he was waiting to see if he would be approved to go out with his daughter? It's a little scary, to say the least.

The boy hoped he said yes, not just for Mike and Eleven's relationship but for Mike and Hopper's as well.

In the past year, thanks to his visits to El, he had gotten to know Hopper other than just the Chief of Hawkins police. It was a different, although still authoritative, side. Due to the events surrounding Eleven's arrival in Mike's life, he had a long list of adults he could not trust. Hopper, despite Mike getting furious when he discovered he was hiding El in the same cabin in which they now stood, was not one of them.

Even though Hopper never said anything, he sensed that something similar could be said of the way the Chief viewed Mike, even if it was just based off his treatment of El.

So if Hopper said no, it would make everything unnecessarily awkward.

"Can I ask you somethin'?" Hopper spoke gruffly after what seemed like an eternity.

"Of course," Mike answered quickly, surprised but curious and nervous as to what it could be. "Anything."

"Are you asking me for permission because I'm the one setting the rules or because I'm her dad?" He questioned, knowing the boy was smart enough to know the difference in what he was asking.

Mike gave a small smile.

"Because you're her dad. You're the most important person in her life.

You saved her. She is alive and-and with us because of you. And... I respect that. Respect you. A lot."

Hopper gave a slight nod, acknowledging that to be a more than acceptable answer.

"Alright, kid." He spoke again. "We'll give it a shot." Mike's eyes lit up at hearing that.

"Really?!" Hopper nodded again.

"It's going to have to happen at some point, right?" Whether he meant Mike and Eleven going on a date or Eleven going out with less restrictions, he didn't say.

"Ahh.. thank you!" He knew there was no way Hopper would accept it, but Mike was so happy that he could hug him at that moment. "Thanks. Umm.. I gotta get going then." Now that the hard part was done, he couldn't wait for what was next.

Hopper grinned at the boy's enthusiasm, but looked to the side so he wouldn't see it.

"I'll see you around Chief. Thanks again." Mike waved and walked towards the door.

"And hey, Wheeler?" Mike turned back around. "No funny business." He pointed a stern finger at him.

With a nod, he excitedly ran out the door.

**So this was originally going to be a long one-shot that also included Mike asking El out and whatever happened after that according to her response. ; ) But the scene with him and Hopper grew out of control so we'll leave this as a first chapter. It's actually too short for my taste but I was really excited about getting this out. I hope you enjoyed and that you guys tune in to see what's next! Please review if you can!**

## 2. Chapter 2

**The feedback for this has been great! Thank you all so much!**

Earlier that day, Nancy told Mike that after lunch, the girls would all be going back to the Byers' to start decorating the house for the holidays and he was welcome to come if he wanted. He mentioned that he might stop by later, giving the excuse that he was going to the local library for research on a class project. He didn't feel that he had to tell his sister the truth about his meeting with Hopper.

Full of excitement from the result of it though, he rode his bike down the familiar street towards Will's house. Once he arrived, he left his bike on the front lawn in a similar position as he left it at the cabin. He approached the group, who noticed and greeted him one-by-one while he did the same.

Joyce and Will were setting out pumpkins and haystacks along the porch while Jonathan was struggling to keep a scarecrow upright next to the front door. But El and Nancy were, oddly enough, not in sight.

He turned to Will, who was standing closest to him.

"Hey, where's El?"

"She and Nancy are inside sorting the Halloween stuff back into their boxes." Mike nodded his thanks and walked up to and past the front door, his determination never faltering.

He found the girls in the living room talking with several boxes and decorations scattered on the couch and coffee table. Eleven, who was facing his direction, noticed him first.

"Mike!"

She walked around Nancy and went to give him a quick and tight hug. As of lately, those hugs had done more to Mike than they had to El.

With each one they shared, Mike found it difficult to ignore how

much closer they ended up. He knew it was all due to the fact that El's body was maturing in a way everyone noticed. Being the only person their age who got to be such in close physical proximity to her made him feel a way that he couldn't quite yet identify.

El, of course, not knowing any better, was completely oblivious to it.

"Hey, El." He replied shakily. Once their hug broke apart, she spoke again.

"You came."

"Yeah... Not for too long though. I actually wanted to talk to you about something."

"Okay." El waited for him to start.

"Umm," He stumbled. "I was kind of hoping privately." Even though he was speaking to El, he glanced in his sister's direction.

With a sly smile that Mike didn't fail to see, Nancy spoke.

"I'll go see if they need any help outside." She was out of sight shortly after.

Once Nancy was gone, El looked at Mike, eyes wide and expectant.

And now, seeing as they were all alone and despite how prepared he felt, he had difficulty coming out with it. The hard part, asking for Hopper's permission, *was* over. So why did he feel like he had to climb another mountain again?

"I uh... I was wondering El... If umm..." He rubbed the back of his neck while El just blinked up at him. "Since it's almost been a year since...everything, you can start coming out." He said it as a statement, like she didn't already know.

"Dad has rules," she spoke cautiously, as if reminding Mike. "But yes," she nodded.

"Yeah, I know..." Mike trailed off, deciding not to tell her that he already spoke to him, thinking it may have brought questions from



her. "So since it's okay, I was wondering if uhh... maybe you'd like to go on a... date? With me?"

The girl's face changed slowly but it didn't take long for her to give a knowing smile and glance down as her face reddened, a reaction Mike was not expecting at all.

"You-you know what a date is?" He asked. He had been prepared to explain it but since she already knew, he could only wonder if someone, although it would have *had* to be one of his friends, had beaten him to it.

"TV." She looked back up and clarified. With a sigh of relief, he realized that she might be more cultured than he thought because of all the television she's been watching.

"Hehe. Right."

"Like Snow Ball?"

"Yeah!" He exclaimed, happy to have that existing example. "Only it's more... private. Just the two of us." She nodded.

They each looked down, waiting for the other to say something. Slowly, Mike started again.

"So... what do you say?"

El was quiet for a few seconds and the anticipation killed him.

"When?" She finally responded.

"Uhh, whenever you're free." He smiled to himself, knowing she really didn't have much going on. "I was thinking Saturday night?"

"Yes." She grinned.

"Um great!" He sputtered. "I'll pick you up at six. Does that work?"

"Sure." She smiled a much wider one now. He smiled back and turned to the sprawled out

Halloween decorations and asked how he could help.

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The week passed way too quickly, in Mike's opinion.

A chill what had nothing to do with the cold November weather went through his body when he mounted his bike to head over to Hopper and El's cabin.

He already had a plan for what he and El would be doing tonight, one that he had already ran through with Hopper earlier this week. While that wasn't a requirement for Hopper to give his blessing, the gesture was appreciated and, although he wouldn't want to admit it, boosted the kid's likeability.

Needless to say, Hopper was struggling with how to handle tonight. Being protective of his own child wasn't something he thought he'd have to deal with after losing Sara. To have his little girl out there in the dating world was not something he was prepared for, no matter how inevitable and unavoidable it was. This wasn't even the kind of thing he could ask Joyce for advice on since she, having two sons, doesn't have experience with the dating life of a teenage daughter.

As a result, he decided that the best thing to do would be to stay up and wait out the night's events.

However, Eleven was the only one who wasn't a total mess. She has been eagerly been looking forward to her date with Mike all week. In many ways, she knew that this was different than the Snow Ball, and not just because Mike had told her so.

At just a few minutes before six, Eleven placed a small pink clip onto her hair, one of the many hand-me-downs from Nancy, and looked at herself in the bathroom mirror.

It seemed that too much time had passed when Hopper knocked on the door, asking if she was ready.

With a smile and a deep breath, she opened the door and walked out. A few seconds later, she saw Mike sitting on the couch.

"Mike!" She all but ran up to him. "You're early."

"Yeah," he spoke of his four minute early arrival as he got up. "Hope that's okay." She nodded fervently. "You umm... you look..." He glanced over to Hopper, leaning against the kitchen counter with his arms crossed, knowing he would have to choose his next word carefully. "Great," he finished.

She wore a simple outfit made of a thick grey sweater that she recently purchased while out with Joyce and blue jeans she had received from Nancy. She looked comfortable and happy, both of which mattered the most to Mike. Her hair was now past her shoulders and even though she looked so much different than when they first met, he never got tired of looking at her.

"Thank you." The teens smiled at one another before Mike spoke again.

"We should get going." They both turned to say good-bye to Hopper, but not before he could get a word in.

"You two have fun. Have her back by nine."

Eleven turned to her father and gave him a look. It was a similar one to when he didn't allow her to have Eggos at a mealtime other than breakfast.

"Ten." She spoke, not asking it.

"Nine," he looked down at her in a way that was supposed to remind her who's in charge.

"Ten," the girl held her ground.

The Chief huffed, realizing this was an argument he was likely going to lose. With a triumphant smile, El lead Mike out the cabin door.

"Uhh.. see you Hop," he gave a weak wave and was barely able to speak before leaving the building.

**I didn't mean to do this again. I WAS going to include the date in this chapter, but I'm leaving it here for a few reasons. As of now, it's very close to the length of the first chapter and, when writing a multi-chapter story, I like them all to be somewhat**

equal in terms of word count so including the date would have made this too long. I also really wanted to have something up by tonight and if I included the date, I would have been rushing to get it done, resulting in a crappy job and then nobody would be happy.

I do hope you enjoyed this though. Reviews?

### 3. Chapter 3

**So sorry for the wait. I was working on my other story (please see my profile) but now I'm back to finish this little number up. Enjoy!**

In only a few short minutes, Mike was on his bicycle with El clutched on tightly behind him and riding away from the cabin. It was a little breezy and the speed of which they were going made it seem chillier. With the movie theater being only a few minutes away, the cold didn't bother either one of them too much.

Mike thought that taking El to the movies, apart from being a simple enough date idea, would be a nice milestone for her. Every time they watch movies, he's always over at the cabin, sitting close to her on the couch, and eating whatever snacks they could get there hands on. It was always a very comfortable and convenient setting.

As a result, along with her circumstances, El has never actually been to a movie theater. And Mike thought tonight would be the perfect night to start.

He locked up his bike on the rack just outside the theater while El waited patiently by his side. While there were a couple of options, Mike had already chosen which film they would be watching. With its science-fiction theme, he was sure, or at least hopeful, that Eleven would be interested in it too.

"Two for *Back to the Future*, please!" The bored looking older teenager with shaggy brown hair took Mike's money and gave him the tickets once they were printed out.

"Theater three," he spoke.

"What's this movie about?" El asked after passing through the glass door that Mike held open for her.

"Umm," he wasn't entirely sure how to answer. He didn't think she would understand it very well if he explained what he saw in the trailer. "It's about time travel. The main character goes back in time

and stuff."

"Like *Terminator*?"

"Yeah, exactly!"

She nodded and Mike noticed how she looked at their surroundings, mouth slightly open at the high ceilings and various movie posters that were hanging on the walls. It truly was unlike anything she'd seen before and she hadn't experienced the best part of it yet. Mike felt a surge of happiness that he was able to share this with her.

As they made their way deeper into the theater, the two of them soon stood only a few feet away from the concession stand and could easily inhale the scent of popcorn.

"Do you want some?" Mike offered and El eagerly nodded. Rushing into the proper theater, the two teens barely made it in by showtime, El holding the large tub of popcorn in her lap.

As the trailers played for the coming attractions, Mike couldn't help but glance at El whenever a bright light from the screen would hit her. He hoped more than anything that she wouldn't catch him. El didn't bring it up though only because she knew he wouldn't do it again if she did.

The movie started shortly after and they both seemed immersed in it, Eleven only slightly confused by the details of the plot. Occasionally, Mike would reach his arm over to grab some popcorn. He was never more thankful for the theater's darkness being able to cover the red rising in his face than when their hands brushed together.

Mike wasn't sure how but she seemed to know not to lean into him and ask questions in the middle of the movie so that she wouldn't disrupt the silence and others' theater going experience. Usually if there was something going on in a movie that she did not understand, she couldn't help but immediately ask Mike what was going on. While it would have annoyed the hell out of anyone else, Mike always found it endearing.

As they were leaving the theater, he turned to her and asked what

she thought, something he always did after watching a movie together.

"It was good," she spoke. "I hope they make another one."

"Uh yeah. Looks like they set it up like that."

"Maybe we can watch it together when it comes out," El smiled as she approached the bike rack. Mike simply grinned back, unable to say much else about that.

"So umm, are you hungry?" El nodded excitedly, happy that the night wasn't about to end. "Hop on."

In a shorter amount of time than it took to get to the theater, they arrived at local diner and were seated within minutes. While they looked over the menu, they both decided to start with an order of chili cheese fries which El had shockingly never had.

"I can't believe Hopper's never made them for you."

She shrugged. "I didn't know it was so I never thought to ask for it. I guess it didn't occur to him to make it." It was something she made a point to ask him after she had her first bite. Besides Eggos, she couldn't remember the last time she had something so tasty.

As their conversation died down while they ate, Eleven put down her fork to look up at him.

"Mike?"

"Yeah?" He spoke even though he wasn't done chewing.

"Can I ask you a question?" He couldn't help but notice how similar the question was to her dad's and how much she sounded like him when saying it.

"Sure," he answered, deciding not to mention anything about his conversation with the Sheriff.

"Why did you ask me to go out with you?"

Mike dropped the French fry that was halfway to his mouth. Out of everything she could have possibly asked, he hadn't expected it to be that. Of course, he knew the answer but it was something he couldn't really put into words.

"I... well, I..." he cleared his throat, hoping to be able to think of something as he was doing it. As always, El waited patiently for an explanation. "I uhh.. I like hanging out with you. It's always fun going to the cabin with Max and the guys and stuff but I thought it would be nice to just spend some time together. Alone, you know? Because I... I like you El. A lot."

A huge smile spread onto El's face.

"I like you too Mike. I like watching movies and when you talk to me about D&D and how it's going in school. It gets me really excited to join you guys." El was going to start going to school in the new year after the holiday break. Since she had been getting lessons at home by Hopper and her friends, this was something she was really looking forward to. She was also aware that she would be seeing Mike a lot more often once she started. "But I understand. What you mean."

With the blush that spread much faster than either one could handle, they both looked down at their plates.

Determined not to get on Hopper's bad side, especially after only the first date, Mike was practically racing against the clock to get El back by her 10 p.m. curfew. He also didn't want to go too fast since he wanted to get El back in one piece.

Finally with just a few minutes remaining, they arrived back at the cabin. Since he didn't want it to be a quick drop off, he wanted to get them there with some time for a proper goodbye.

"Thank you," El stood in front of him after getting off the bicycle. "This was really nice."

"Good," Mike spoke with a grin. "I'm glad you had fun."

Before he could say anything else, she closed the space between them and pressed her lips to his.



It was something that hadn't happened since the Snow Ball, no matter how many times they had wanted it to. Never being allowed or able to be alone for an extended period of time made this type of physical contact difficult. But now, after so many months, it was happening again.

It was firmer this time but somehow still soft, even if Mike wasn't expecting it. It was a slightly bit longer as well.

Mike couldn't help but feel saddened when she pulled away and this time, El was grateful for the darkness of night for hiding the pink in her cheeks.

"I should go," she spoke softly and Mike recognized the tone she used for something she didn't want to do.

"Okay, yeah," he replied, knowing she was right. "So, I'll call you soon?"

"Yes," She pushed some of her hair back behind her ear. "Good night."

"Night."

She turned and walked towards the cabin. With a final wave exchanged between them, Mike started pedaling away.

***Back to the Future* actually came out in the summer of 1985. BUT I really wanted that to be the movie they see as it's one of my favorites. If you are interested, please follow me on Twitter: D13Tribute. I will be giving out info on my writing process for this story and you can stay updated on any that I have going on in the future. Thank you for reading! Reviews are soooo appreciated.**